

KALENDAR



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KALENDAR

==
VOLUME VII
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Park City High School

Park City, Tennessee



PUBLISHED BY
THE SENIOR CLASS *of* NINETEEN FIFTEEN

We wish to express our sincere appreciation to all who have contributed either by donation or by advertisements, without which it would have been impossible to have published the "Kalendar."

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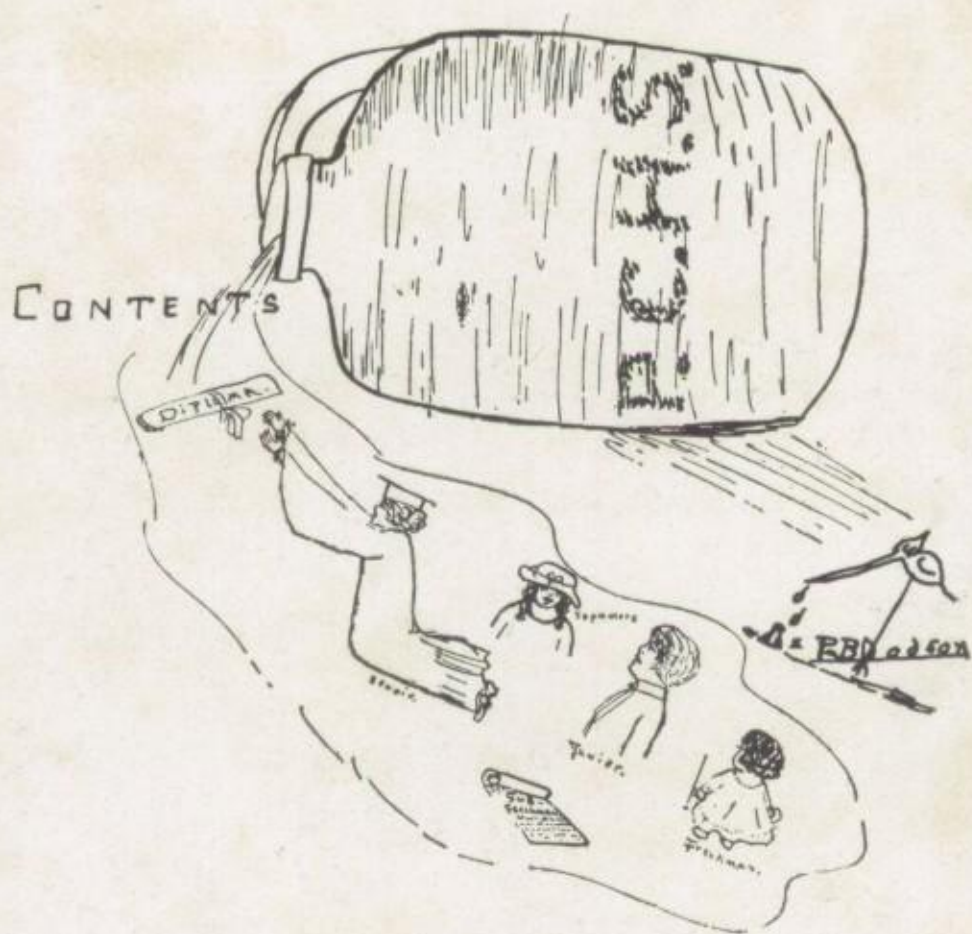
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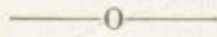
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Foreword.	
Dedication.	
In Appreciation.	
Staff.	
Faculty.	
Board of Education.	
Park City High School.	
Senior Class.	
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Class History.	
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Sophomores.	
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Jokes.	
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Foreword

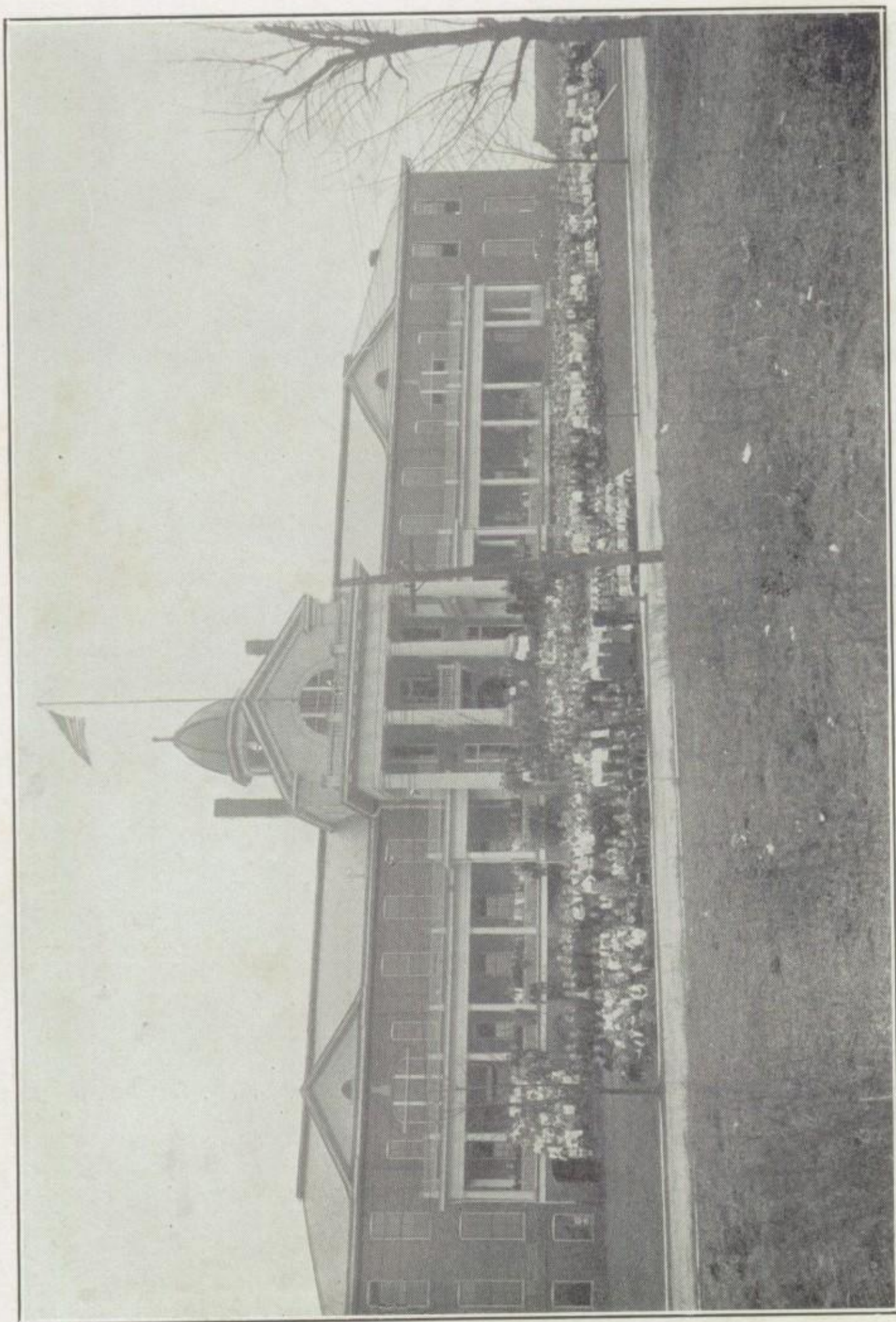


We are nearing the goal of our four years High School course. Following the custom of our predecessors, we herein set forth items of interest of our High School days, with the hope of keeping awake the school spirit in the hearts of the students.

We wish to present this book to the friends and patrons of the Park City High School. It is nothing pretentious, but merely the reproduction of our school. The work herein is solely the work of the pupils of this school, and we hope it will be of sufficient merit to cause it to be highly regarded by those who read it.

To those who love Park City and whose hearts swell with pride at her present prosperity, who have a hope for her future welfare and who ever strive earnestly to prove worthy of her name. We, the class of nineteen hundred fifteen, send forth this book with the hope that interest in and for the prosperity of our school may be forever continued.

And now let every one who these pages scan
Get all the good from this book he can,
For no matter if you wander to any clime,
Anything better than this you will not find.



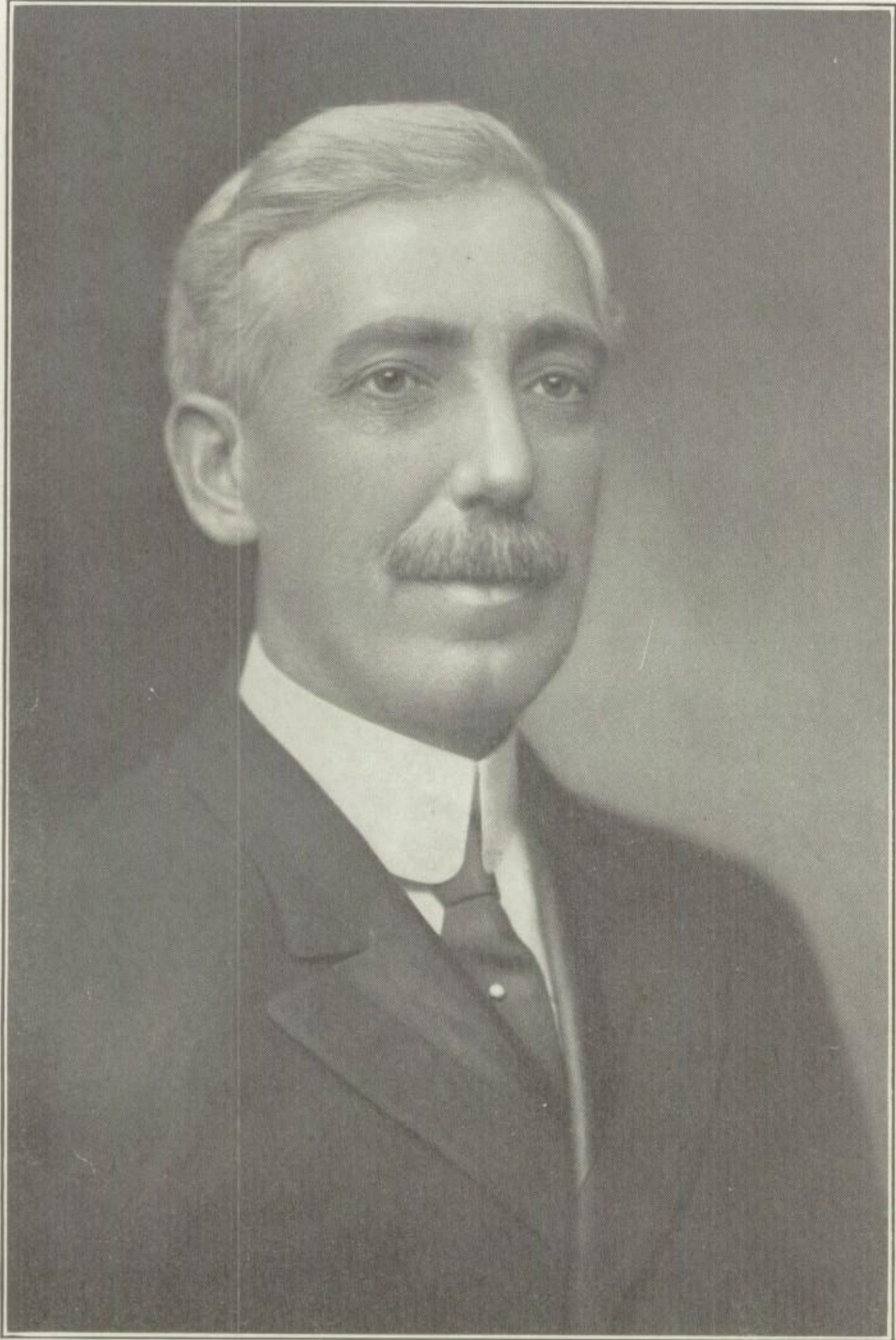
Park City High School—the largest Public School in the South.



W. A. Davis

—o—

IN recognition of his untiring and unselfish services as chairman of the School Committee of the City Councilmen and for the welfare of our city from its inception eight years ago, we, the class of nineteen hundred fifteen, affectionately dedicate this volume of our Kalendar to W. A. Davis.



Appreciation
SUPT. J. R. LOWRY



Clarence Watson,
Editor-in-Chief.



Sue Ona Oglesby,
Art Editor.

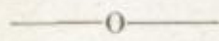


Mildred Cash,
Athletic Editor.



Paul Dodson,
Business Manager.

Associate Editors

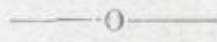


Trophena Sanland	Fourth A
Thelma Horne	Fourth B
Theodore Drake	Third A
Mildred Cash	Third B
Anna Lee Roberts	Second A
Margaret Giddeon	Second B
Julia Dupee	First A
Cecil Powers	First B





Faculty



MRS. N. M. COMFORT, Principal.

MISS CLARA DUNCAN, Latin.

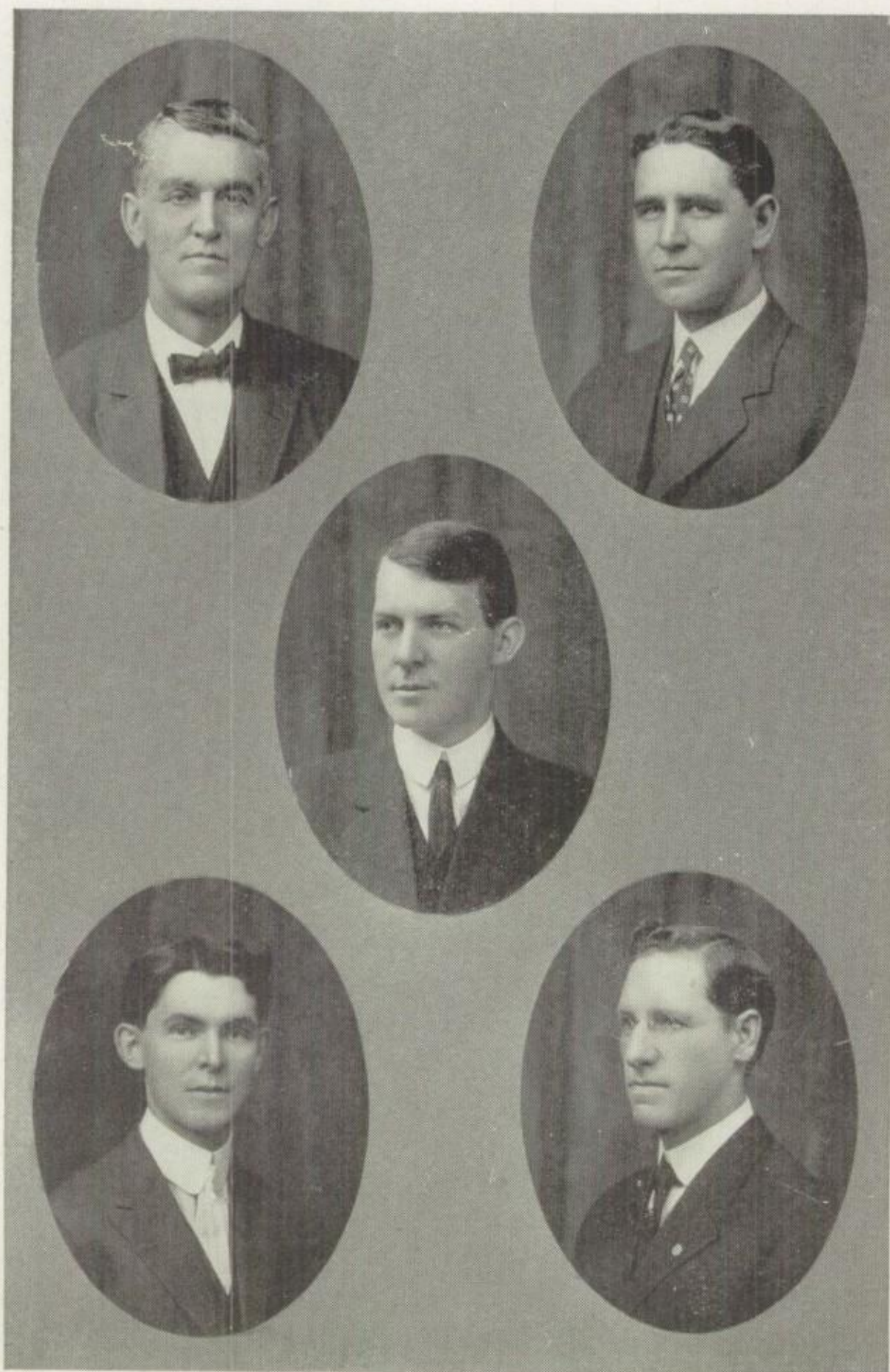
MISS ELIZABETH SKAGGS, Science.

MISS TENNIE ACUFF, History.

MISS VIRGINIA LENOIR, English.

MISS ANNA BELL MALLICOAT, German.

PROF. M. R. SELLERS, Mathematics.



Board of Education

—o—

ED. McLEMORE, President.

CHAS. H. BLAKE, Secretary and Treasurer.

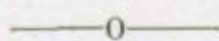
W. A. CLARK,

J. M. BURKHART,

E. S. LOTSPEICH.



Park City High School



All hail to thee, O sacred halls, all hail!

On us thy walls, aglow with pristine splendor,
The hoarded grace of happy years exhale,

In memories clinging round thee, sweet and tender,
Echoes of golden loveliness prevail,

Where eyes of love with musing visions render
Exalted charm that on thy friends entail

A halo such as hearts of love engender.

Park City School, thy spirits lofty flight

Forever lift the stories olden,

And let the passing years enhance thy might

To send both far and near thy story, golden,

Pulsating all the earth with strong delight,

Until the truth is everywhere upholden.

A. E. R. '15.



Class Day Program

—o—

Class Song	Alline Ray
Class.	
Address	President
Paul Dodson.	
Class History	Historian
Louise Galyon.	
Class Poem	Poet
Cleo Harrison.	
Presentation of Gifts	Giftorian
Marie Wiggins.	
Class Prophecy	Prophet
Correnna Parrott.	

Orchestra.

Class Play.

—o—

Class Yell.

—o—

Commencement Program

—o—

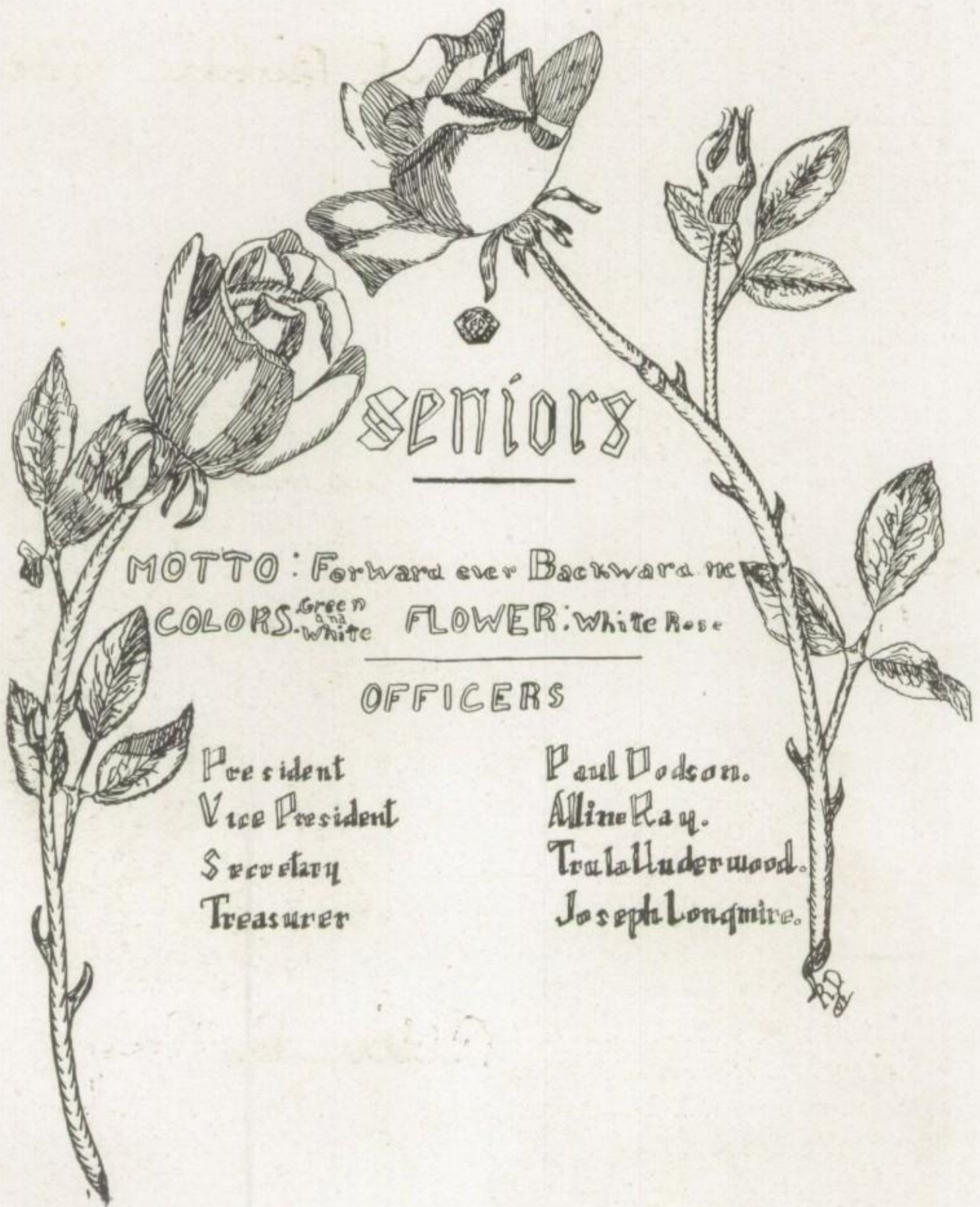
Orchestra.

Invocation.

Salutatory	Salutatorian
Chorus	Glee Club
Declamation	Clarence Watson
Quartette	Senior Girls
Address	Prof. Harry Clark
Chorus	Senior Class
Valedictory	Valedictorian

Instrumental Selection.

Delivery of Diplomas	President of Board of Education
Benediction	Rev. B. W. Lee



SENIORS

MOTTO: Forward ever Backward never

COLORS: ^{Green} ~~White~~ FLOWER: White Rose

OFFICERS

President
Vice President
Secretary
Treasurer

Paul Dodson.
Aline Ray.
Trula Underwood.
Joseph Longmire.



Paul Biddle Woodson

"Brave, good and true;
I seem to see him stand before
me now."

Joseph L. Longmire

"What funny fancy slips,
From between these lips."



Alline E. Ray.

"Her's is the lay that lightly
floats,
And her's are the murmuring dy-
ing notes
That fall as soft as snow on the
sea
And melt in the heart as instant-
ly."





Trula Underwood.

"An open-hearted maiden, true
and pure."

Trophena Sanland

"A face more sweet
Ne'er hath it been my lot to
meet."



Clarence Watson.

"As every thread of gold is valua-
ble, so is every minute of
time."



Corenna Parrott.

"Her eyes are blue and beam beseechingly and seem to say come."

Herbert E. Clark.

"Those who are pleasant themselves, must always please."



Marie Fair Wiggins

"A tiny sprite, yet a merry one."



Cleo M. Harrison

"A maiden with meek blue eyes
In whose orbs a shadow lies,
Gazing with a timid glance
On the world's broad expanse."

Eugene Armstrong

"A careless song, with occasion-
ally a little nonsense, does not
misbecome a monarch."



Louise L. Yalton.

"Her cheeks are like the blushing
cloud, that beautifies Aurora's
face."



Last Will and Testament of Seniors

—o—

We, the Senior Class of 1915, of the Park City High School, being of rational and disposing minds, do make and publish our last Will and Testament as follows, to-wit:

We do bequeath unto the teachers a "little corner in every Senior's heart;" also our deepest appreciation for their instruction.

Unto Hilda Riser, Trophena's talent for German.

Unto Reba Baker, Correnna's "nose glasses."

Unto Janie Davis, Alline's vocal ability.

Unto entire High School, Trula's privilege to partake of refreshments during school hours.

Unto Ella Cates, Cleo's punctuality.

Unto Dewey Wiley, Marie's ability to keep silent.

Unto Professor Sellers, Louise's combings; also Herbert's curling iron.

Unto Theodore Drake, all Eugene can't take with him.

Unto next year's Editor-in-Chief, all Clarence's spare time.

Unto Dewey Wiley, Joe very sadly leaves his Ruby.

Unto Neil Brooks, Paul's varied experiences in extracting the lacteal fluid from the bovine quadruped.

Unto the Juniors, one row of seats on right side of study hall and enough 15's to occupy all spare time in erasing them.

Unto Sophomores, all bean-shooters, chewing gum, and whistles, to be used by them for the entertainment of the students.

Unto the Freshies, fifteen (15) cases of condensed milk; thirty (30) rattles; fifty (50) pacifiers, to be used only when kept in by Mrs. Comfort; also forty (40) gags, to be used by Mrs. C. during study hours.

In witness whereof, WE, the Senior Class of 1915, do set our hands and seal this....day of May, in the Year of Our Lord, 1915.

Hon. J. Frank Brumback, Esq.,

Witnesses.

Notary Public.

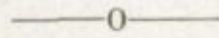
Ruby M. Harrison

Annabel Furgerson

Carrol Holmes

Class Song

(To the tune of Schumann's Happy Farmer,)



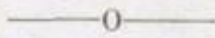
A band of boys and girls are we,
The jolly class of five times three ('15);
We're grave and reverend seniors now,
With High School laurels on our brow.
Our hearts are gardens of delight,
That bees and butterflies invite,
We plant blue bells and lilies fair,
And hide our choicest treasures there.

Beyond the hills where dreamland lies,
Where fairies weave cloud-mist for skies,
Romance invites with love's dear song
To tinted lanes where June-stars throng,
Where hopes and fears weave threads of gold,
The fates our destinies enfold.
'Tis there the pipes of Pan are heard,
And nature thrills with bee and bird.

To school days o'er with joy we sing,
To books farewell our song we bring,
To teachers true our love extend,
Farewell to all—each student friend;
Professor Lowry too we greet,
May long preside at learning's seat,
A band of boys and girls are we,
Rejoicing, happy, pure and free.

A. E. R. '15.

Senior Class History



WE now have the cream of the class that, four years ago, knocked on the High School door for admission. The first year was spent very quietly and studiously. When I now think of us as "Freshies," I am reminded of quaking aspen trees, "just always quivering and quaking."

As Sophs we had grown used to the surroundings, and had become less timid. It was in this year that Mrs. Comfort took the chair, and since that time we have been under her capable guidance. In this year our social life began by entertaining the Seniors and Faculty, with a tacky party.

Like all Junior classes we were very prominent in school affairs. We entertained the Seniors and Faculty this year with a Christmas party, and had a goodly share in the work of publishing the Kalendar. At commencement we decorated for the Seniors.

Finally, the time has come for us to be entertained, and have the Juniors decorate for us. This year we have been extremely busy, having taken all the responsibility of publishing the Kalendar upon ourselves. We have given several entertainments here at school, and a dinner at the Gas Hall, to make money. Although surrounded by work, we have had time for our usual fun, and, possibly, a little study.

During our entire High School course, we have looked forward with longing eyes, to the time when we should graduate, and now, when the time has come, we do not think of it in joy, but in sorrow, for the time has come when we must all say "good-bye" and enter other fields, some of which will be fame, and fortune and hard work. And always before us, as a guiding star, shall be our motto: "Forward ever; Backward never."

Louise Luttrell Galyon, '15.

Juniors



Fourth Year B

—o—

CLASS ROLL.

Janie DavisPresident
Reba BakerVice-President
Ruby HarisonSecretary and Treasurer
Thelma HorneEditor

Dewey Wylie

Spencer Acuff

—o—

CLASS COLORS:

Black and Gold.

FLOWER:

Black-eyed Susan.

MOTTO—"B2"

T. F. H., '16.

Third A Class

—o—

COLORS—Green and Gold.

MOTTO—Non summus sed ascendentes.

OFFICERS

Frank Brumback	President
Neil Brooks	Vice-President
Lily Bell Miller	Secretary and Treasurer
Theodore Drake	Editor

—o—

MEMBERS AND THEIR OCCUPATIONS.

Frank Brumback.....	Keeping one ear open to Lily Bell
Neil Brooks.....	Trying to keep quiet when he sits on a pin
Anna Mae Compton....	Making a brave attempt to keep from freezing.
Verne Dukes	Just grinning
Theodore Drake	Groaning
Anabell Ferguson	Showing her dimples
Carroll Holmes	Valiantly striving to keep his feet out of every one's way but never succeeding.
Gertrude Licht.....	Discussing the clutching hand
Lily Bell Miller	Giggling
Estelle Murry	Arguing with Robert
Herman Schubert	Anything to make a fuss
Mattie Trotter.....	Explaining a math problem to some other member of the class.
Robert Tatum	Preaching

T. D., '16.

At The Fair

—o—

IT WAS at the Squash County Fair that the affair reached a climax, but the trouble started in Verne Duke's store at Duke's crossroads.

Gathered around the red hot stove were two of the backbone of the community discussing politics, crops, the weather and such. Finally they switched off onto the latest scandal. It seemed that "that 'ar scapegrace Aleck Schubert" had got into trouble. Carroll Holmes, a low, heavy set fellow, was leading the discussion. "Yas sah," said Holmes, called Beanpole for short, "Aleck, he'd better be a leavin' Neil Brook's girl alone or Neil an' him will have a regular old he fight an pity the pore feller underneath 'cause both of 'em are rip-snortin', roarin' bob-cats when they get started." So saying, Bean sullenly shot a thin stream of "Picnic twist" into the fire.

"Who's they a-goin' to fight over?" asked Theodore Drake, a long, thin, hatchet-faced farmer who had two pretty daughters of his own.

"Why, he's agoin' around with Estelle Murray," answered Bean. "Is she that golden-haired, blue-eyed niece of Frank Brumback's?" asked Drake. "She shore is, an' she's a purty gal, too." "Wal, I gotta be a travelin'. Goin' to the fair tomorrow?" "Shore, are you?" "You bet."

"Say, Bean, you watch out for that gambler, Robert Tatum! He'll take your eye-teeth if ye ain't careful."

"I will; so long."

So saying, Bean mounted his mule and went off down the road.

II.

It was fair day. People went streaming to the town in twos, threes and dozens. Boys were darting here and there, selling peanuts, candies and soft drinks.

Above the din there came a strident loud-voiced ballyhoo which entreated people to come and try their luck. Standing behind a rickety wooden counter was the gambler, Tatum. He had on a silk hat, a frock coat and a wing collar, also a large cigar was thrust in his mouth, while huge diamonds flashed on his hands.

All at once he stopped his strident cry. Darting hither and thither through the crowd ran his "props." Tatum yelled at him but he would not listen, just ran on.

"What's the matter?" asked a timid elderly looking lady called Gertrude Licht. "Why that crazy boob has run away and left me," he replied.

Just at this moment the Duke's Crossroads crowd came up. "Beanpole" Holmes had his sister-in-law, Miss Mattie Trotter, a flirty young lady, on his arm. Drake had his daughter-in-law, Miss Annabel Ferguson, a beautiful young lady, with him. Directly behind them came Aleck and Estelle, while tagging along behind walked Miss Lily Bell Miller and Miss Anna Mae Compton. "Hey, you! you! yes, you! you little runt with that girl! want to make five bones?" yelled Tatum. "Do I? You bet," said Aleck, "come on and put on this cap an' get behind that canvas and stick your head through the hole," said the gambler. Aleck did as he was instructed. "Oh, Oh! Aleck, don't desert me!" cried Estelle. "Shucks, who wants to go with you and spend money when I can make five dollars?" answered Aleck.

"Come on, people, hit the coon and get a cigar! Five cents only; try your luck." The gambler had commenced his strident cry again. "By gum," said Bean and Drake in a breath. "Here, gimme a nickle's worth," said Bean. He threw three times, but missed every time. Then Drake tried, but also missed. At this juncture Neil Brooks came up.

III.

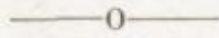
Neil walked to the gambler, gave him a dime and took six balls. He threw five without even hitting near Aleck. "My hand is mighty slick," he said. He slipped the ball into his pocket and quietly changed it for a Texas Leaguer. Then, carefully measuring the distance, he threw the ball with all his force. "Bang!" It hit Aleck on the head. "Ow!" said Aleck, and dropped unconscious. Neil gave Estelle his arm and the Crossroads crowd sauntered away.



SOPHOMORES.



Third Year B



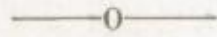
COLORS:

Yellow and White.

FLOWER:

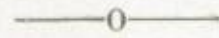
Daisy.

MOTTO—"Live, laugh and learn."



OFFICERS

Olive WatsonPresident
Elizabeth BakerVice-President
Sue Ona OglesbySecretary and Treasurer
Mildred CashEditor

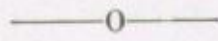


CLASS ROLL

Clarice Ayers	Helen Riley
Elizabeth Baker	Olive Watson
Ella Cates	Ruth White
Mildred Cash	Earl Biddle
Mary Sue Nanney	Sam Cox
Sue Ona Oglesby	Lynn Ghormley
Cecil Copeland	James Montgomery

M. C., '17.

Second A



William IrwinPresident
Almyr CrimVice-President
Fleming SeaySecretary and Treasurer
Anna Lee RobertsEditor

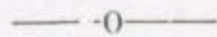
COLORS:

FLOWER:

Blue and white.

White Rose.

MOTTO:—Vincit qui se Vincit.



CLASS ROLL

Laura Barber	Mary Blair
Oscar Kraehenbuhl	Trolen Needham
Sarah Galyon	Marion Ryno
Fleming Seay	John Northington
Hilda Ryser	Althea Henson
Almyr Crim	Clifford Galyon
Edna Copeland	Mirtie Melton
Samuel Trotter	William Irwin
Anna Lee Roberts	Marie Parrott
Dewey Peters	Charlie Wright
Mattie Harris	Walter Stalsworth
Cartha Dobbs	Lucy Underwood
Lillian Harris	Eleanor Thielen

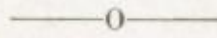
Thelma Lee Essary

A. L. R., '17.

Freshmen



Second B



Black-Eyed Susans.

Perhaps you all know Miss Marjorie Wood,
Everyone admires her for being so good.
When our class organized, 'twas with best intent
That we made this young lady Miss President.

The next who is very important,
Must needs be an excellent talker;
So we chose with greatest of joy
For vice-president, Miss McElroy.

Secretary-treasurer, two in one,
A great person, full of fun,
After much voting, we decided to have
Mr. Chas. Parham, Junior.

If you want to know who the editor is,
Who's seeking for Sophomore fame,
Just look at the end of this little verse,
And there you will find her name.

Margaret Giddeon.



CLASS FLOWERS:

Black-eyed Susans.

CLASS COLORS:

Orange and Black.

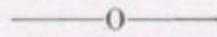
MOTTO—Nulla Vestigia Retrorsum.

ROLL

Fred Chandler
Chas. Parham
Frank Haynes
Rholand Crane
Elerson Wiglet
Margaret Giddeon

Grace Cox
Lillus Shelby
Marjorie Wood
Irene Ballew
Mayme Scarlett
Whitney McElroy

First A



CLASS OFFICERS

Bert StalsworthPresident
Emma LyonsVice-President
William MahoneySecretary and Treasurer
Julia DupeeEditor

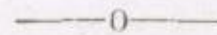
COLORS:

Pink and White.

FLOWERS:

Pink Carnations.

MOTTO—"Keep on Keeping on."



CLASS ROLL.

Claud Black	Mildred Lyman
Carl Bishop	Emma Lyons
Katie Blane	Cornelia Mellon
Lena Carson	Ora Miller
Elmer Collins	William Mahoney
Margaret Crim	Edna Neubert
Hazel Dance	Hattie Potts
Mora Deweese	Wayne Parkey
Marguerite Drummond	Bert Stalsworth
Donald Deford	Willis Smelser
Julia Dupee	Louise Tate
Calwin Gentry	William Vaughan
Hattie Harper	Eula Walker
Nell Hunter	Richard Wright

Sub-Freshmen



First B

—o—

Walter TaylorPresident
Rebecca DodsonVice-President
Tom CruzeSecretary and Treasurer
Cecil PowersEditor

—o—

CLASS ROLL

Clara Abbey	Dulsie Pickel
Reba Boynton	Annie Parrot
Mildred Brumback	Ellen Miller
Nina Bull	John Armstrong
Elizabeth Burkey	Robert Lee Bowman
William Compton	Kenneth Bull
Isabel Cook	Tom Cruze
Bernice Cunningham	Fred Davis
Beulah Dalton	John Davis
Rebecca Dodson	Sanford Maples
Irene Drummond	George Mason
Julia Eckel	Jesse Lee Nanney
Sadie Gibson	Basil Needham
Kate Henderson	Neil Patrick
Ruby McClellan	Cecil C. Powers
Ina McNelly	Howard Shipley
Leila Simpson	Hubert Vineyard
Paulita Wylie	James Webster
Ray Eckel	Charles Williams
Audley Scalf	Jesse Williams
Mamie Rader	Bernice Green

The Freshman Class

—o—

We're a new class upon the scene,
The class of nineteen eighteen
We come with shouts and lots of noise,
A boisterous band of girls and boys,
With books and mischief we are rife
With sober looks, but jolly life
So sly our teachers can't find out
Whether it's lessons or fun we are thinking about.

Three years from now as wise as owls,
We'll be; or ducks or other fowls,
Just like the seniors over there
Who think with them, none can compare,
For they put on such sober looks
Turned up collars and piles of books;
With flirts and frills and frizzly curls
We're sure they're sportive boys and girls.

We're not as fresh as you suppose;
We'll be Sophomores soon and we propose
To show the world what Sophs can do
With games and books and sweethearts, too.
We love our teachers every one,
Even though our days are full of fun,
Rah! Rah! Rah! for vacation now,
We'll make it hum, this we avow.

Julia C. Dupee.

—o—

TO LATIN

They die who wrote it,
They die who quote it,
All die who learn it—
Blessed death! they earn it.



The Cause of All Man's Woes

(This story took the cake)

—o—

GEORGE hated girls, little ones, big ones, pretty ones, ugly ones, they were all alike to him. He hated them with a just, and he said righteous hatred, for had not girls continually worried him from the time of his birth up to the present?

His sister had just committed an unpardonable sin—entered his room and given it a thorough spring cleaning. She had even dared to take the old socks and neckties out of his bureau drawer. She had given away his old summer-before-last shoes. Now George had intended to do all these things for a year, and was disappointed because he had been deprived of the pleasure.

He thought he know of a place where girls were not, and determined to go. So next day he got a camping outfit, and started on his way.

He reached his destination, and found a place that looked safe for a camp. There wasn't an inhabited house in ten miles, but near his camp were a few deserted cottages.

The next morning he was up early, and went fishing. He was gone till almost noon. Before he came in sight of his camp, he scented danger, for there in the middle of the path was the print of a feminine foot. He looked at it for a moment, then changed his position, and viewed it from another angle. He finally concluded that there was no mistake, and trudged sadly to camp.

When he got there he knew there was something wrong, as several things had been moved. He stepped into the tent to get a nearer view. Horrors! There in the middle of his

nice clean bunk lay a little white poodle. He tried to remove it, but it snapped and snarled, so he was compelled to retreat. It followed his retreat so courageously, that he took shelter in a near-by tree. At last it grew tired of barking and wandered away.

In the afternoon George thought it wise to go on a scouting expedition. He found to his amazement that during the night a crowd of girls had moved into one of the cottages. He turned away in disgust, and marched back to camp like a defeated general.

He sat down to think what to do, and was scarcely seated when the place was surrounded by angry girls. They wanted to know what he had done to dear darling little Julie. They had been going by his tent, and she was so tired they left her on his bunk to rest, and when they had remembered her, and came back, she was gone. They were sure he had stolen or killed her. George said he had seen more of her than he wanted to and did not even wish to hear of her again. The girls left very angry.

George started to pack up, but not no farther along than putting on his coat, when back came one of the girls crying. She wanted to know if her little sister was there. They had brought her with them, and now could not find her. The girl found her under the bunk asleep. She had gotten tangled up in George's fishing lines, and had gone to sleep, pouring George's gun oil into his kodak.

George saw no more, for he fled. He returned about midnight, and stayed only long enough to pack.

As he was making all possible haste down the road, he remarked, "I don't believe the garden of Eden was as nice as some folks say, for even then there was one woman too many."

Helen R. Riley.

The Diverting History of How One Senior Spent Washington's Birthday

—o—

O, Grace was a lady fair
Of beauty and renown,
From Maryville so far away
She came to Knoxville town.

So Herbert to her said one day,
“Tho friendly we have been
These past two tedious years, yet we
No high old time have seen.

Tomorrow is the twenty-second
And, though we're to entertain,
I'll take you to the picture show—
And then back home again.”

Then she replied, “I do admire
Of gentlemen but one,
And you are he, my dearest dear,
Therefore it shall be done.”

The day did come, and old Herb's horse
Was hitched up in the stable,
And away he drove in splendor bright
As lovers famed in fable.

Smack went the whip, round went the wheels,
Were never two people so glad.
The stones did rattle underneath,
As if Gay Street were mad.

Five short hours were quickly spent,
Enjoying shows and candy.
And when the youth returned that night
He was just feeling dandy.

Arrived at school, his wig was gone,
Also his hose and coat.
And here, dear reader, let me state—
This simply got his “goat.”

With both shoes and one sock off
He sat upon the stairs,
And cussed, and swore, and ripped, and tore,
In quite a shocking manner.

“Who stole my coat and wig?”
He cried, “I wish that I were dead”—
“I’m going home,” he louder cried,
And my, his face was red!

But dear Miss Duncan to his aid did come,
And soon some clothes were found.
Some stockings, coats, and buckles, too,
And round his head a scarf was bound.

So Herbert was all fixed up, at last,
And up the aisle did march;
Though very colonial looking, he gave us
A look quite fit to parch.

Now children, do this lesson learn
When you this rhymlet read—
And always when you’re in a play,
Remember this——and heed.

Louise Luttrell Galyon, '15.

The Thankful Minute

(Second Prize)

—o—

HERE'S your list, father, your memorandum. Do you understand?" Mother was so used to memoranda, but father did not understand. There were, however, comparatively few articles to be bought. Much fewer than before at that particular time of the year. After cautioning father to turn up his collar before going out into the cold wind, mother returned into the house and was soon busily at work on her quilt.

Never before had she faced so much. The very thoughts of it made tears come to her eyes. But she was determined that father shouldn't see her shed a single tear, for his heart was sad over the same thing.

To hope and plan for something and then that thing never come to pass, makes us all exceedingly blue. Every year mother and father had looked with pleasure to the time when John, their only child, should come home.

But this year John had said nothing of it in his letters, but rather wrote of the good times that he and Bess were having.

Bess was the rich girl whom John had met while at college. They were married now, and all the people in the little town told mother and father that John was not coming home because he was above the people of that little town. This hurt father and mother worse than their own disappointment.

Father had overheard the conversation of a crowd of loafers in Amos' store, into which he had entered unobserved. When they had finished, he determined to make them think that John was coming, by purchasing a number of things not on mother's memorandum. A turkey, cranberries, nuts, raisins, and oysters.

He started out loaded with his many articles and passed proudly by the gossipers. On his way home, he began to be frightened. What had he done? But he was glad—he was glad he had done it.

Mother listened to the constant rumbling of packages as they were placed on the kitchen table and wondered why that salt pork, and cream of tarter made so much noise.

Suddenly father appeared in the doorway and explained what he had done. It was agreed that they should make their preparations just as on other Thanksgiving seasons and pretend to all the neighbors that John, his wife and baby had come.

While father went to the depot in the old wagon, mother brought John's high chair from the attic for little John, and placed it very near the window. She had also brought some baby clothes to hang on the clothes line next morning.

But she did not have to do this, as father was seen coming with the desired guests. So mother had the privilege of hanging out the "real" baby clothes.

A. E. R., '15.



A Journey of Forty Miles



OUR high school was recently honored by a lecture by Prof. Wilson, president of Maryville College. His excellent talk was based on the proverb, "In a journey of forty miles, when the thirty-ninth mile has been finished, the journey is only half completed."

He compared this proverb to a Chinese puzzle. We have all seen one' I'm sure, you think you have solved the puzzle by removing the box, but another box remains, you remove this one and there is still another. This proverb is in a box of meanings. Let us remove the boxes and find some.

Taking out the first box we find that some of us when we have gone thirty-nine miles on a forty mile job, lose interest and think we have done our share and the task will do just as well if nearly finished. Did you ever see a quitter? Their job remains unfinished. They might as well have stopped at the twentieth mile. No one can take up their work and complete it according to the plan on which it was started. They had better stopped at the twentieth mile and let this other somebody weave in their ideas earlier. The chair a pupil started in the manual training department can best be finished by the one who started it. Frequently pupils get tired of studying and stop at the top of the last page. They started out all right, with the intention of getting every point in the lesson. They got tired though and stopped at the thirty-ninth mile. They consoled themselves by saying, "I never missed anything much by not studying the rest," or "I'll get that tomorrow." When in truth the last page was the most important, a summary of the lesson probably. Their task is only half finished.

Let us take out the second box, here we find sometimes the last mile is the hardest. When one has gone thirty-nine miles they are tired and think they will never get through. This

last mile is hard and requires lots of thought. The last problem in the lesson is always the hardest. The others lead up to it. Several principles are involved in the last problem. If you do not work this one, you have lost half the lesson. You are no more efficient at the thirty-ninth mile in that lesson than you were at the twentieth mile.

Many people have started great enterprises, but stopped just when they were on the verge of success. Michael Angelo, the Greek sculptor, worked a long time on his master-piece. He had it almost completed when he died. It remains unfinished to this day. No one has been able to finish it. The last mile consisted of the finishing touches, expression, etc. It was the hardest mile and no one but Michael Angelo could finish the journey. The piece of sculpture was just as beautiful at the twentieth mile as at the thirty-ninth. The most important feature was lacking.

Taking out the last box we find that when difficulties arise we are prone to "give up." Did you ever see anyone, bubbling over with ambition, start out to "do things," and when difficulties came up, he would stop? That isn't the kind of ambition that counts. It is the steady stick-to-it fellow that "does things." Some people want honors, but won't work for them. One will find difficulties to overcome in all walks of life. "If one would get up he must struggle up." Take a certain young man studying to be a book-keeper. He started in business college very ambitious, he was going to finish his course right away and go to work. Well, his lessons were hard for him, he didn't have as much money to spend as he wished for, and he did not like to study. But he went on till he was nearly through. He went thirty-nine miles but not the forty. Finally he just quit, he had neglected his lessons till he was behind. Now what good will his book-keeping course do toward holding a book-keeper's position? He had better stopped at the twentieth mile and not wasted his time. Several years later he was still clerk in a shoe store.

Take another young man, he was the son of a poor farmer. He had a fairly good education, and high ambitions; he also had the ability to stick to his job. One hot summer's day he was in a field near his home, with a dull axe, cutting down

trees. He came to a hickory tree. Now, anyone who has never been in the country does not know what a hard wood the hickory is. The boy surveyed the tree a moment, then his dull axe. He started chopping on the tree with a fixed air of determination. By the way, some of our most "gritty" people are from the country. Inquire into the lives of our educators and wealthy business men of today. Did they come from the city or country? Nine-tenths of them were reared in the country. Well, to return to this boy. He kept on chopping with a dogged perserverance. There was an unseen spectator standing behind a brush pile. He was intently watching the boy, who was hot and tired, but still working away. Finally the tree fell, he had accomplished his aim. He had gone the forty miles. The spectator, a middle-aged man, stepped from behind the brush. He introduced himself as owner of a department store in a near-by town, and asked the boy if he would accept a position in his store. He said this was the very boy for which he was hunting, one that would stay with his job. Now this was just what the boy was longing for, an opportunity to earn money enough to put him through school the next winter. He gladly accepted the offer and was soon a clerk in the store. In a short time he was promoted and his salary raised. He was economical and saved enough to pay his tuition in school. He worked in the store his spare time. By the time he had finished school he was holding a high position. Later he bought stock and started in business for himself. His education enabled him to manage his business well. He gradually climbed the ladder. He is now owner of one of New York's largest department stores. He has again gone the full journey, forty miles. Does it pay to finish what you start? Yes, get the habit, it always pays. "Whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well."

By Olive Watson, '17.

Some Facts and Fancies

—0—

School's greatest need	Money
Most popular girl	Mildred Cash
The best all-round student	Mattie Trotter
The heart smasher	J. Walter Stalsworth
The biggest bluffer	Dewey Wylie
The greatest politician	Professor Sellers
Most likely to become a millionaire	{ Frank Brumback Robert Tatum
Best basketball player (girl)	Elizabeth Baker
Best basketball player (boy)	Cecil Copeland
Best baseball player	Bert Stalsworth
Most dignified pupil	Robert Tatum
Biggest sport	Herbert Clarke
Sweetest teacher	Miss Acuff
Most bashful boy	Verne Dukes
The human Victrola	Mrs. Comfort
Most appropriate nickname—"Bean-pole".....	Carroll Holmes
Most popular boy	Clarence Watson
Mrs. Comfort's favorite expression.....	"Don't do any- thing without my permission."
Miss Duncan's favorite expression.....	"Guess again"
Miss Lenoir's favorite expression.....	"Throw your gum out the window."
Miss Skaggs' favorite expression.....	"One at a time, please"
Miss Acuff's favorite occupation.....	Coming to enter- tainments with Mr. Gray.
Miss Mallicoat's favorite occupation.....	Collecting note- books.

Our Side Show

(SENIOR BOYS)

—o—



Ladies and Gentlemen: Kindly direct your attention to this platform for a few moments, as I wish to present to you one of the star features of our grand exhibition. Here before you, you see the world-famous "Bunk," known in the catalogue of freaks as the "Human Wishbone." His legs measure four feet in length and are separated at the knees by the extreme distance of twelve inches. We defy the world to produce his equal.

And here, chained with the hardest iron, stamping back and forth in wild rage against his capture and confinement is "The Old Lady," the wild man from the West. This curiosity was captured in Southwestern Kansas after a desperate struggle, in which fourteen men were killed. He will be fed in one and one-half hours. Don't fail to wait and watch him devour a helpless "Freshie," after rending him to shreds with his mighty hands.



I take extreme pleasure in introducing next, "Herb," the famous Albino. Note with wonder the mossy, silk-like texture of his soft hair. See the soft, delicate pink of his skin and eyes. Mark the small, milk-white hands, and with it all realize that this grand sight alone is worth the price of admission to this wondrous and gorgeous collection of humanity.

Our Side Show

—o—

The management of this wondrous institution takes especial pride in being able to present for your amusement this unparalleled monstrosity, Joe Longmire. Notice the gentle expression on the almost human countenance. Gaze on this, one of nature's odd miscalculations, and depart with the knowledge of having seen one of the really grand and awful sights that you are permitted to see but once in a lifetime.



And lastly, ladies and gentlemen, allow me to present for your inspection "Pauline," the world's greatest snake charmer. Approach without fear, to see him grasp those long Scotch Boa Constrictors, and, twining them around his neck and body, bite their heads off. He knows no fear. No other animal can withstand the effects of the bite of poisonous reptiles as he. The venom of the deadly Cobra is but as water to him.

Thanking you one and all for your kind attention, I beg to announce that the big show is about to start. Get your tickets right here.

Paul Dodson.

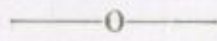
—o—

RECIPE FOR FLUNKS.

Take a string of bluffs, mix in a pound of thin excuses, add a few class parties, sift in a little time for athletic enthusiasm, flavor well with moon-shining during evening strolls, boil well, stir before using and serve hot at end of each term.

E. R. W.

Making Money

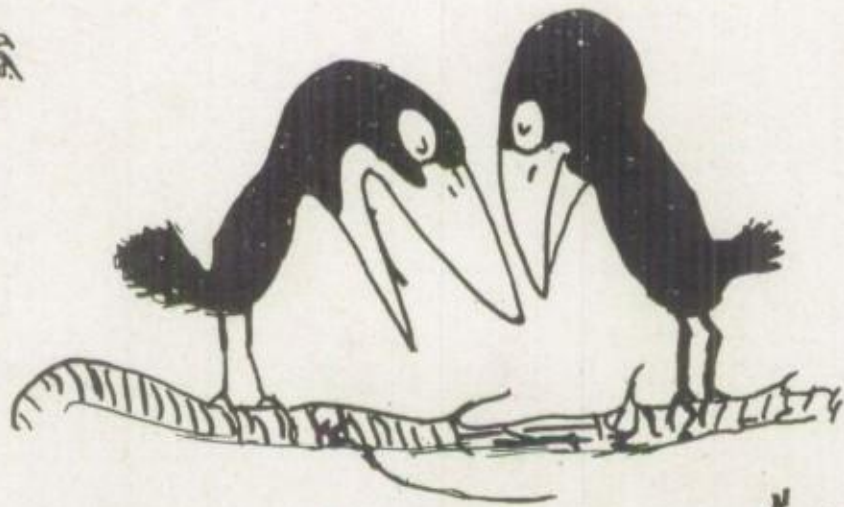


Oh, the troubles and trials of the 4a class!
Although we think we did well to pass,
Still long 'bout commencement there comes a feelin'
That almost makes us feel like stealin'.
Money! Money! oh, where can we find it?
We can't do anything without money behind it.
First we tried a stunt by Miss Bewley
And this was very good, truly,
It was, but alas, for the poor senior class,
The money didn't come in very fast,
And again we attempted to make it,
And we thought a mock wedding would take it,
So two of our class, reluctantly said
They would play bride and groom with much dread.
Everyone liked it the minute they came in the door,
But still we must have money, some more!
So dinner was served, and oh, it was good,
And everyone ate it, as everyone should.
Times, though hard, grow better for us;
We feel inclined to stop the fuss,
And now we're happy, all the nine plus three
For the Kalendar, certainly will be.

M. W., '15.



It's awful.
But.....
What are
we
going to
do about
it?



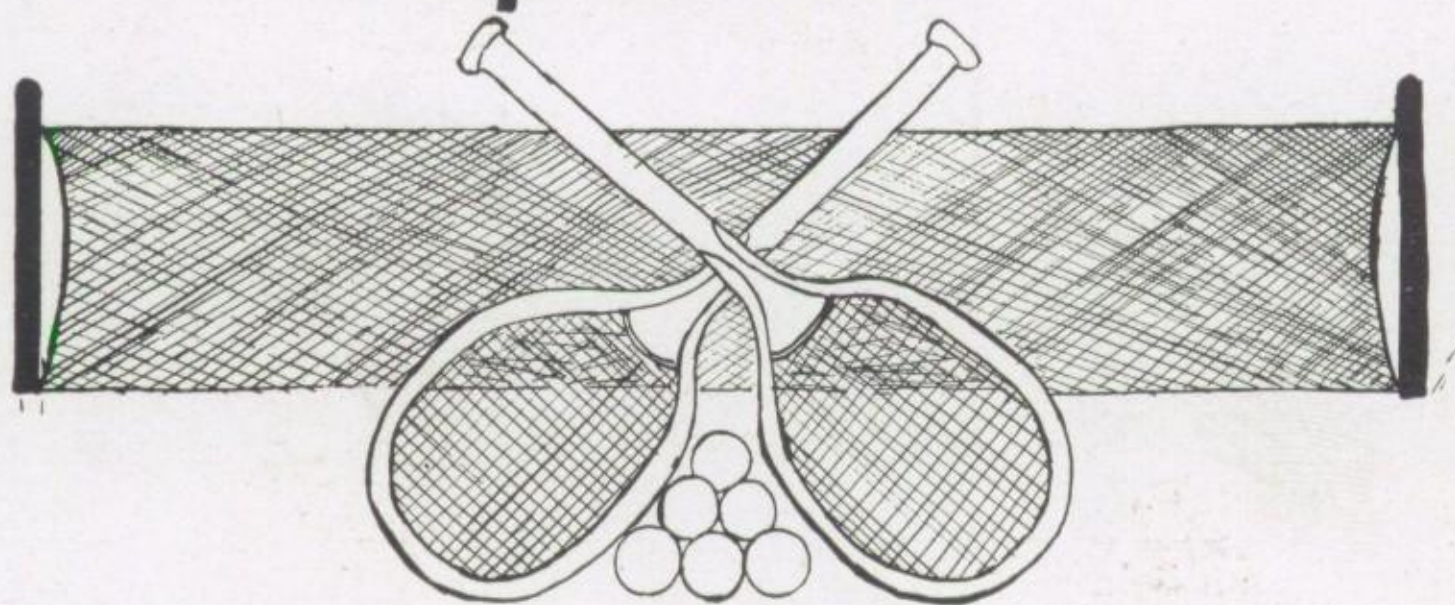
"Faculty Conference"

It's a wrong way to
run a dairy, it's a
wrong way you
know, it's —



SOME FREAKS

Sports



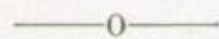
P-C-h-S-



Athletic Association



Clarence Watson	President
Herman Schubert	Vice-President
Walter Stalsworth	Secretary
Janie Davis	Treasurer
Mildred Cash	Editor



The Athletic Association was organized September 21, 1914. School spirit ran high as every member of the high school was a member of the association.

A council appointed by Prof. J. R. Lowry, was composed of three faculty members, Miss Skaggs, Chairman; Prof. Sellers, and Miss LeNoir, with two student representatives, Mr. Clarence Watson and Miss Janie Davis.

The basket ball season has been a very successful one.

There is plenty of material and enthusiasm for a successful baseball season.

M. C., '17.

Park City High School Needs A New Gym

—o—

AS SOME of you may remember, when the first addition to the old Armstrong school, making what is now known over all of East Tennessee as the Park City High School, was built; the pupils and faculty were elated over the report that a well equipped gymnasium was to be installed in the new building—but the gym, for some unknown reason, was not installed. The report was merely an air-castle.

Students! Patrons of the school! *Your* school!! Can you permit affairs to drift in such a way? Must all these, literally, hundreds and hundreds of children, who at this time comprise the Primary and Grammar School Departments, complete their course in the High School Department without tasting the benefits which are to be derived from the proper use of an up-to-date gymnasium?

That there is a room on the third floor which is used during school hours in connection with class work; and after school as a basket ball court, I will admit. And that as a basket ball court it is equal to the court in the gym at the U. T., and better than any other court in or around Knoxville except the one at the Central Y. M. C. A., can not be denied; but even then, it lacks about five hundred square feet of being the regulation size, as prescribed in the official rule book of the Spaulding Company, which is an authority on all athletics. Therefore, Park City High School needs a new gym, one of which we need not be ashamed, but may be justly proud.

The fact that P. C. H. S. basket ball teams have always been at a disadvantage when playing in prep. league games, which are always played on the Y. M. C. A. court (which is a regulation sized court) need cause no surprise, since the change in courts is so great as to break up nearly all of the effective team-work that may have been gained by faithful practice on our court. And team-work is what counts.

Since these things are true, it is a self-evident fact that the

school would be benefited immensely by having a first-class basket ball court, and the pupils would be benefited physically as a result of proper instruction under a teacher of physical culture.

P. C. H. S. is the largest public school in the state and one of the largest in the South.

P. C. H. S. is on the fully accredited list of as many large universities as any other high school in the state of Tennessee, and is even on the fully accredited list of the academic department of the University of Pennsylvania, an honor and recognition of merit which is not shared by any other high school in Knoxville or East Tennessee.

We are all justly proud of our school, but think how much prouder we could be if we were as far advanced in the athletic side of school life as we are in the educational. Athletics is the leaven of all school spirit. A school is dead without athletics. Nothing else so promotes the wonderful and valuable spirit of unity in purpose, friendliness, team-work, and the desire for fair play, among the pupils as the participation in athletics and the production of good, fast teams.

There is but one way to obtain these very much desired results, viz., to provide an adequate place, (an up-to-date gym) for the development of these teams. Therefore, I urge that the question of installing a first-class gymnasium and basket ball court be seriously considered by every one.

Citizens, patrons of the largest public school in the South, a school which is enjoying such a rapid growth that it will be necessary to build, within the next two years, an addition capable of accommodating about three hundred pupils, *why not* invest a few hundred dollars at that time in the installation of that necessary, "A No. 1" gymnasium?

C. P. W., '15.

It's A Promise

There are reports of battles many of the Park City High,
Though we have not been successful we never will say "die."
We have fought so many fights that we couldn't win them all,
(But to give slight encouragement) "we will win 'em all next
fall."

Team of '14-'15.

Girls

—o—

Schedule and Results.

November 23—P. C. H. S., 13; Central High School, 11.
December 5—P. C. H. S., 16; Jellico City High School, 11.
January 8—P. C. H. S., 18; Murphy College, 28.
January 22—P. C. H. S., 12; Central High School, 13.
January 25—P. C. H. S., 23; Young High School, 2.
February 5—P. C. H. S., 8; Maryville College, 22.
February 25—P. C. H. S., 8; Maryville College, 9.

—o—

Boys

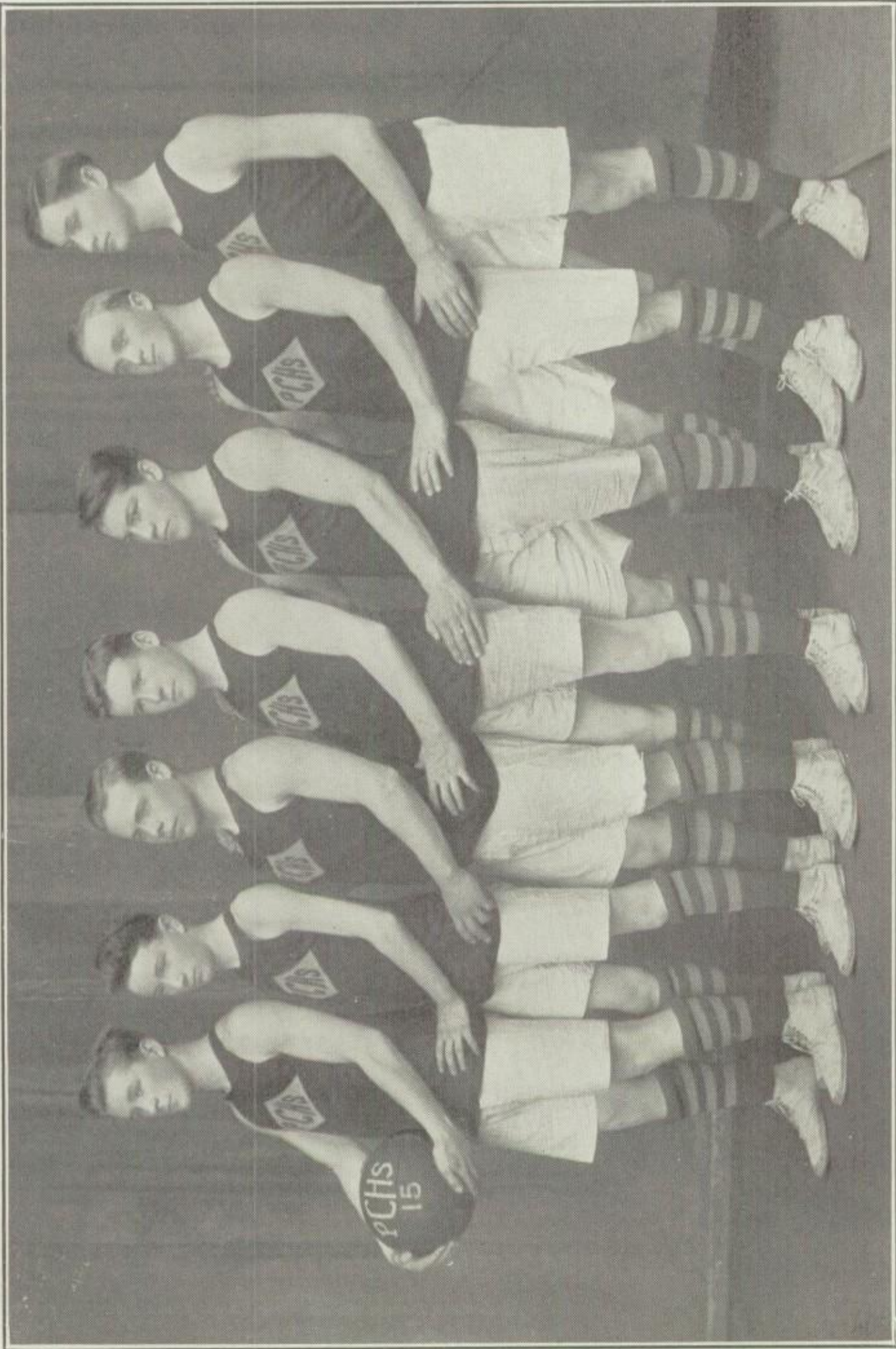
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Schedule and Results.

November 23—P. C. H. S., 31; Boyd, 6.
December 3—P. C. H. S., 42; Lonsdale, 11.
December 8—P. C. H. S., 26; Jellico County, 16.
December 11—P. C. H. S., 24; Lonsdale, 14.
December 22—P. C. H. S., 54; Young High School, 21.
January 9—P. C. H. S., 27; Alumni, 21.
January 16—P. C. H. S., 29; Jellico City High, 35.
January 22—P. C. H. S., 10; Maryville Polytech., 38.
January 29—P. C. H. S., 15; Jellico County, 26.
January 30—P. C. H. S., 10; Jellico City High, 41.
March 12—P. S. H. S., 2; Maryville Polytech., 0.

Inter-Scholastic League.

February 12—P. C. H. S., 6; Knoxville High School, 32.
February 19—P. C. H. S., 18; Central High School, 27.
February 26—P. C. H. S., 14; Y. M. C. A., 15.
March 5—P. C. H. S., 16; Knoxville Business College, 47.
March 8—P. C. H. S., 12; Deaf and Dumb School, 48.
M. C., '17.



Boys' Team

—o—

Of course, you being anxious to know about the games won by the P. C.'s basketball team this season, you'll want me to can this talk and'll wish you could have me fouled for holdin'. But, be patient and let's talk awhile about basketball and the team.

As I was walkin' along the other day, a-thinkin' over the season, I says to myself, "They's very few good ball players that don't show it in the records, or rather, wouldn't show it there, if these aforesaid records showed up all the good plays a fellow makes—against all sorts of odds, too—like being guarded by a fellow too tall to see over, and too wide to see 'round, and very few of 'em is transparent. While all your running-mates are obscured in the selfsame blighting way." What! You say good players always win the games? Oh, all right, then, I wouldn't come right out and say that they don't. That's a matter of 'pinion.

Well, no, the team's record at goal shootin' this season ain't been just exactly unparalleled and unprecedented, as the morning papers say, but they have dropped in a number of neat ones, and Copeland,—say, did you ever see him in action? Don't say you have missed that. Why, the basket's all the same as the open door of a barn to him, when it comes to tossing a ball through it. I'll not label him "Star" yet—but just you watch him next year and remember I'll say, "I told you so." And he ain't our only show, either; there's Bert, who works equally as well, fore, aft, and in the middle. What? Too light, you say? Maybe you have learned that Rome wasn't built in a day? Well, it wasn't, and so you'll be seeing him all along for the next three seasons.

Yes, I'll admit that Schubert comes near being a featherweight. But try catching a featherweight on a windy day, and see what you say. "Aleck's" guards said much the same when they tried to keep up with him. Speedy? Well, I should say.

You're right; we had a regulation size center.

(Continued on page 73).



Girls' Basket Ball

—o—

The girls have been very successful this year, winning four out of eight scheduled games. Much of their success is due to the efficient coaching of Miss Day.

The first team won from the first team of Jellico City High by a score of 16 to 11.

Maryville College won from Park City with a larger number of points than any other school.

We expect to have a stronger team next year, as all of the girls will return. Park City has a promise of good teams for several years to come.

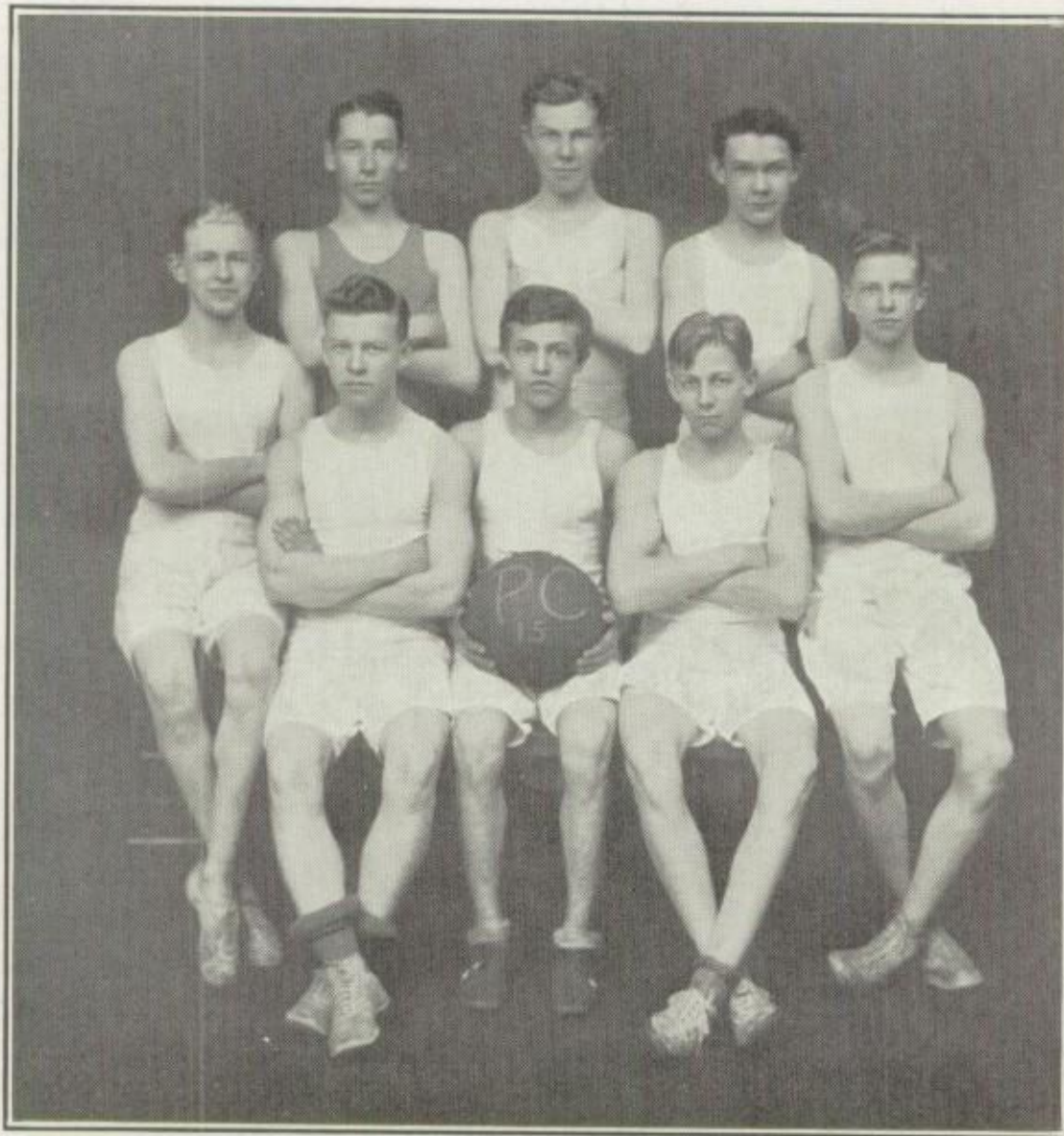
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Miss Day	Coach
Elizabeth Baker	Manager
Mildred Cash.....	Captain

—o—

LINE-UP

Baker, Horne	Forwards
Dobbs	Center
Mildred Cash, Lily Bell Miller.....	Guards
Graham	Substitute



Second Team—Basket Ball

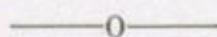
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At the beginning of this year's basket ball season there were a good many candidates for the team, so after a first team had been "picked," a second team was organized. It has been a very successful season for the team and although light, they were very fast and depended on their fast teamwork. They played a number of games.

The line-up is as follows:

Chas. Parham, Manager	}	Forwards
Thomas Cruze		
Eugene Armstrong		
John Northington		Center
Theo. Drake, Captain	}	Guards
Wm. Irwin		
Dewey Peters		
Elleson Wight		Utility Player
C. L. Parham, '18.		

Seniors' Basket Ball Team



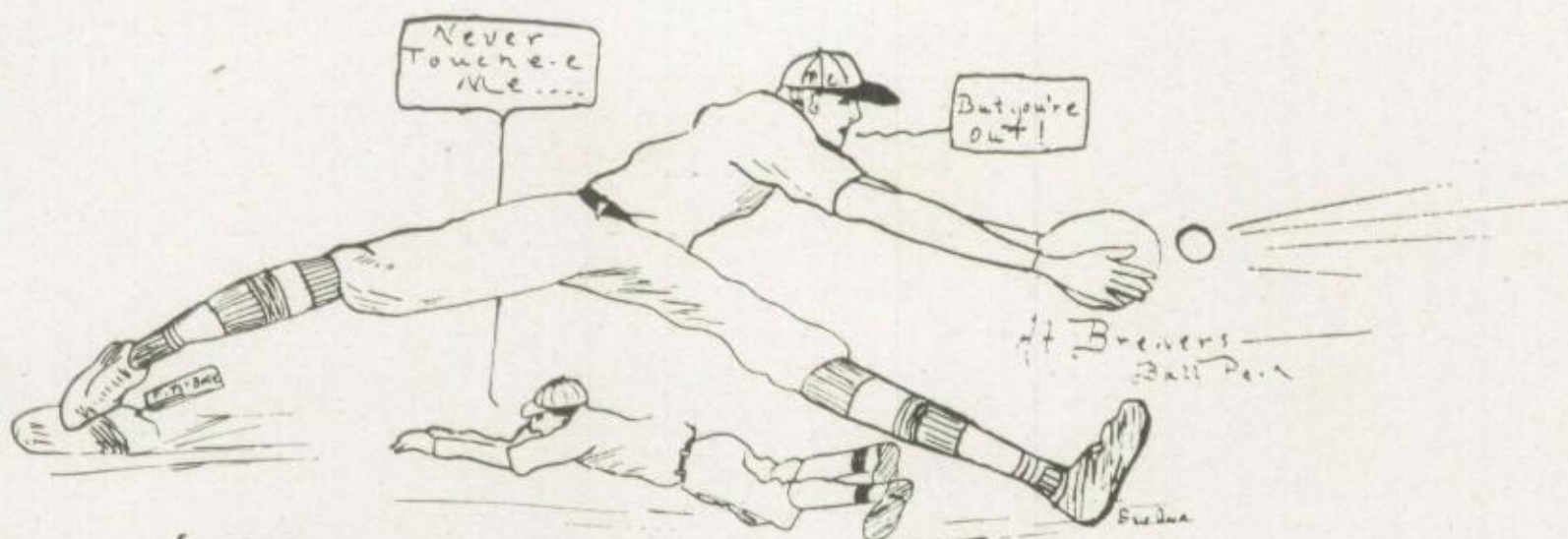
During the early part of the season an interclass series of basketball games was inaugurated in the high school; so we decided to enter a team. There were only five boys in the class, but we practiced so hard and systematically that when the time set for the first game, in which we were to play the Freshman team, arrived, we were prepared, and although they contested the game hotly, we won with a lead of two points.

The Soph's defeated the Juniors on that same night, and so upon our defeating the Sophomore team the following week, the Seniors' team became the champions of the high school.

The line-up is as follows:

Armstrong	Forward
Dodson	Forward
Longmire	Center
Clark	Guard
Watson	Guard

C. P. W., '15.



Base Ball.

ON THE tenth of March the captain issued a call for all candidates that were going to try for a position on the team to appear for practice and about thirty candidates responded. The boys practiced so earnestly that the captain has been able to whip them into a fast aggregation of ball tossers.

Since all but three of last year's team are back this year, the captain feels sure that this is the fastest team Park City has had for three years.

We have a fast and experienced battery and many heavy hitters. B. Stalsworth, C. Watson and A. Crim leading last season with a per cent of over .500 each, and with several others hot on their heels. The manager, Watson, has arranged several nice trips for the team this season and many interesting games on our home diamond.

The line-up is as follows:

C. Watson (manager)	Catcher
W. Stalsworth	Pitcher
C. Copeland	Short Stop
A. Crim	First Base
C. Powers	Second Base
F. Seay	Third Base
T. Drake	Left Field
H. Schubert	Center Field
W. Irwin	Right Field
Bert Stalsworth, Capt.	General Utility Men
Roy Biddle	

Boys' Team

CONTINUED

—o—

No, we didn't import him; he grew right here, and when they get taller than he—I believe you're correct, they don't. Oh! but his height isn't all; if it were we'd play Carroll; lots have the size, but few his grasp of the game—and ball. The fellows think the same, or he wouldn't have been chosen Captain for next year.

Sure, we had guards, Wylie and Watson; they have been our mainstays. But I'm beginning at the goal and working back. See? I know they are a trifle short, but I bet some forwards wished them shorter and less wider and not so swifter. Losing Watson is sure going to hurt, but you see now this ain't no one man team.

W. Stalsworth's been a first classer as captain, and he's worked some pretty forwarding and guarding stunts when he was holdin' down either of those positions along with his captainship.

You watch this team next year, but of course you will. There'll be lots of fellows doing that.

By: A Rooter.

—o—

Track Team

—o—

Two big stunts are to be pulled off by the track team this year. On May 24th comes the interscholastic meet and on May 8th the meet under the auspices of U. T.

This is the second time we have had a team in these meets and we are very enthusiastic.

Watch P. C. H. S. track team. They are a fine bunch.

M. W., '15.



The Tennis Club

— 0 —

The Tennis Club of Park City High School was organized March ninth. The following officers were elected and many members taken in:

Carroll Holmes	President
Earl Biddle	Vice-President
Anna Bell Ferguson	Secretary and Treasurer
Reba Baker	Editor
Cecil Copeland	Manager



MOTTO AND BY WORD:—"It's a Long Way to Tipperary."

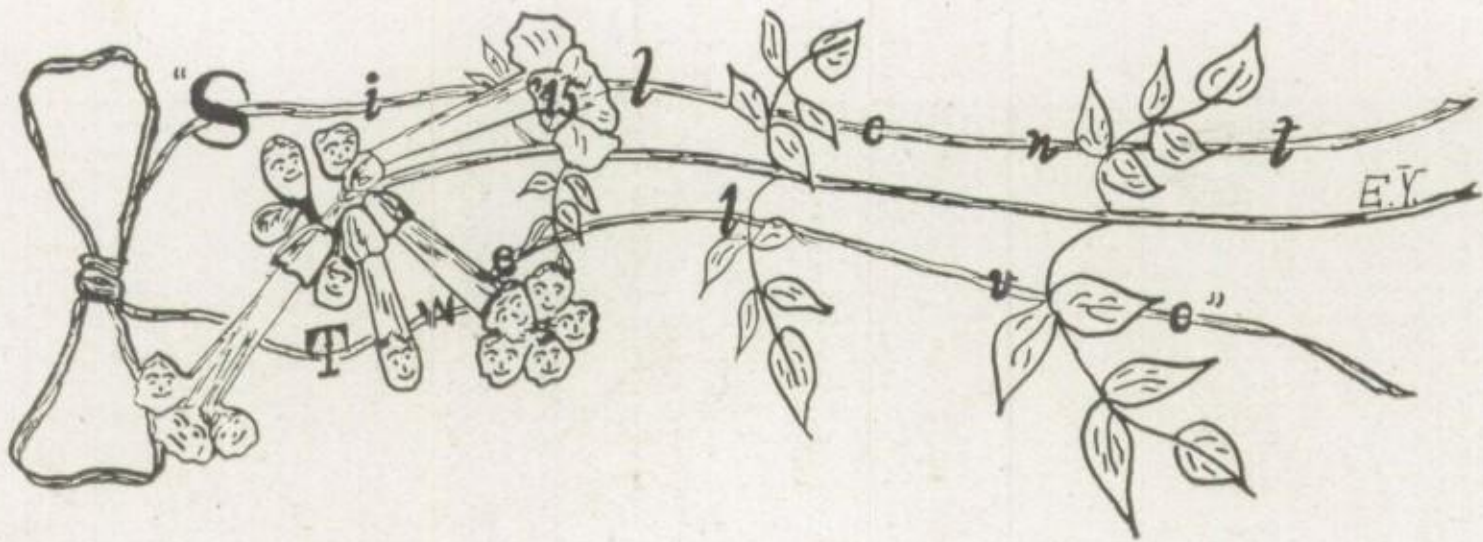
OFFICERS

Carroll Holmes	President
William Irwin	Vice-President
Charles Parham	Secretary and Treasurer
Theodore Drake	Editor
Dewey Peters	Pianist

—o—

Glee Club

This is the first Glee Club to be organized in Park City, and it has been a great success. This is the most wide-awake club in the school, due to the enthusiasm of the boys, and to the help which was rendered by Miss Helen Hughart and Miss Anna Belle Mallicoat. The club is now planning (March 15, 1915,) a minstrel, the proceeds to go to the Kalendar.



Sh.....

COLORS:

Turkey Red and Apple Green.

FLOWER:

Trumpet Flower.

SONG:—Softly and Tenderly.

MOTTO:—Never let a chance go by to talk.

—o—

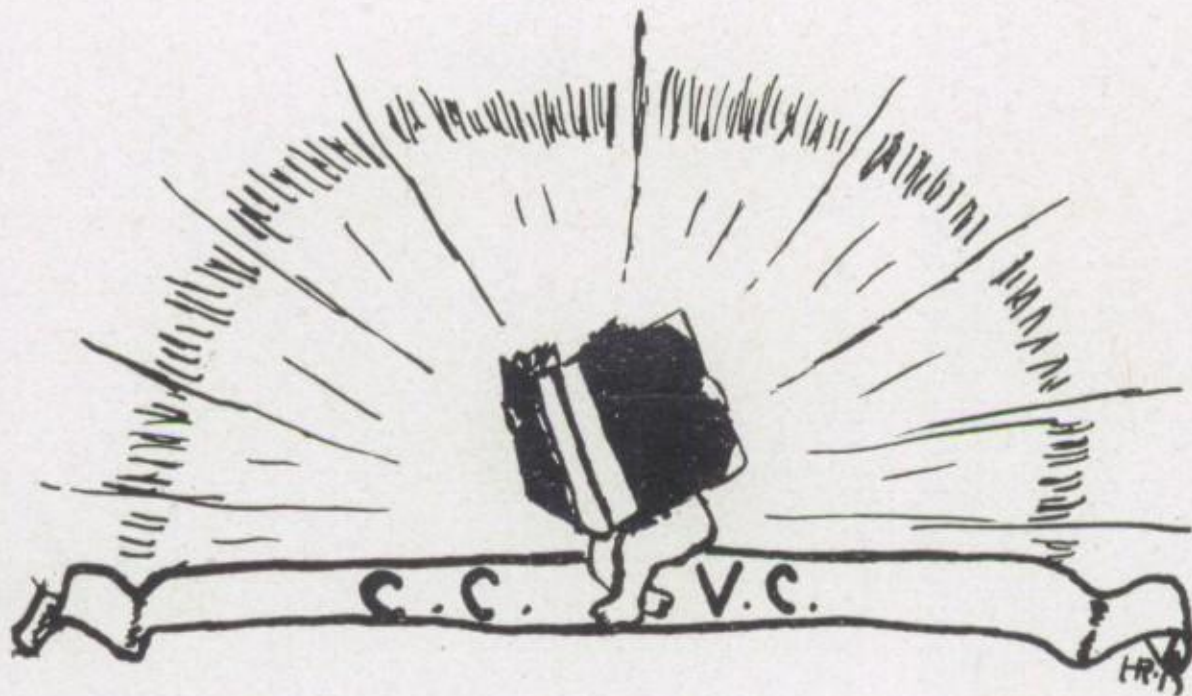
OFFICERS

Herbert Clarke	President
Eugene Armstrong	Vice-President
Marie Wiggins	Secretary and Treasurer
Trula Underwood	Editor

—o—

MEMBERS

Paul Dodson	Louise Galyon
Cleo Harrison	Clarence Watson
Joe Longmire	Trophena Sanland
Alline Ray	Corenna Parrot



NOMEN:—C. C. V. C.
 FLOS:—Purpureus Hyacinthus.
 PIGMENTUM—Regalis Purpura et Aurum.
 PRAECEPTUM—Fortiter, fideliter, feliciter.

—o—
IMPERATORES.

Olivia WatsonesPraefecta
 Maria WigginaSub-Praefecta
 Mattina TrotteraScriba et Quaestor
 Clara DuncanaPatrona

Sodales generum Caesaris et Ciceronis et Virgiles ante diem V Idus Martias MDCCCXV, convenerunt, et Caesarem, Ciceronem, Vergilem societatem formaverunt. Consilium societatis est ut maiorem studium disciplinae Latinae incitent et vita fruantur abundanter. Deis immortalibus volentibus multa et excellentia tempora ante finiendum scholae habebimus.

—o—
SODALES.

Sara Barber	Dewey Peters
Anna Mae Compton	Helen Riley
Cecil Copeland	Marrion Ryno
Theodore Drake	Anna Lee Roberts
Sarah Louise Galyon	Mayme Scarlett
Whitney McElroy	J. Walter Stalsworth
Mary Sue Nanney	Mattie Trotter
Charles Parham	Clarence P. Watson
Marie Parrott	Marie Wiggins
Olive Watson	



Crimson Literary Society .

Dewey WileyPresident
 Trophena SanlandVice-President
 Theodore DrakeSecretary and Treasurer
 Corenna ParrottEditor

OBJECT:—The increase and diffusion of knowledge among
 our members.

MOTTO:—Be as bright as possible.

COLORS:

Crimson and white.

FLOWERS:

American Beauty Rose.

The Crimson Literary Society of the Park City High
 School was organized in October, 1914.

We, the society, have been holding our meetings at the
 regular time, the second Tuesday of each month, and have
 enjoyed an interesting program each time.

Our programs were made up of debates, readings, piano
 solos and plays. The programs were arranged by three or
 four of the members of our society. The program committee
 was appointed by the president each month to get a program
 for the month following.

C. P., '15.

MEMBERS

Annie Parrott	Fred Chandler	Margaret Crim
Bert Stalsworth	Hazel Dance	Mayme Scarlet
Cartha Dobbs	Hattie Potts	Nell Hunter
Cecil Powers	Herbert Clark	Oscar Kraenbuehl
Cleo Harrison	Hilda Rieser	Paul Dodson
Charles Parham	Joe Longmire	Ray Eckel
Corenna Parrott	Laura Barber	Ruby Harrison
Dewey Peters	Louise L. Galyon	Sarah L. Galyon
Dewey Wiley	Marie Parrott	Theodore Drake
Elenor Thelein	Marie Wiggins	Trophena Sanland
Elerson Wight	Mary Blair	Whitney McElroy
Eugene Armstrong	Mertie Melton	William Irwin



THE GRAY LITERARY SOCIETY

Frank Brumback	President
Herman Schubert	Vice-President
Mattie Trotter	Secretary
Neil Brooks	Treasurer
Mildred Cash	Editor

During the former years the school has had only one literary society. But this year a new plan was adopted to divide the society into two divisions, the "Crimson" and the "Grey."

The "Grey" literary society was organized September 25, 1914, with as many members of the High School that wished to join.

The day of meeting was on the second Tuesday of every month.

Splendid programs have been enjoyed by members of both societies and the faculty.

—o— MEMBERS

Clarice Ayers	Gertrude Licht
Elizabeth Baker	Lily Bell Miller
Roy Biddle	John Northington
Neil Brooks	Mary Sue Nanney
Fred Chandler	Anna Lee Roberts
Mildred Cash	Alline Ray
Janie Davis	Louise Tate
Margaret Giddeon	Richard Wright
Mary Graham	Herman Schubert
Lynn Ghormley	Ruth White
Thelma Horne	Clarence Watson
Carroll Holmes	M. C., '17.



Historical Club

—o—

Robert Tatum	President
Marjorie Wood	Vice-President
Estelle Murray	Secretary

The Historical Club, one of the most active school clubs, was organized on November 6th. The object is to promote the study of modern and ancient history. About fifty students joined as active members, and the faculty as honorary members. Some very interesting programs and debates, which have encouraged a more thorough study of history, have been given.

The club has been so helpful, as well as entertaining, that it is to be continued every year.

Louise L. Galyon, '15, Editor.



The Red Head Club

—0—
 Red CopelandSun
 Magenta TheilenMoon
 Pinkey WightComet
 Mahogany WoodAurora Borealis

—0— LESSER LIGHTS

St. Patrick's Day	Red Riding Hood
Crimson Blaine	Carrots Montgomery
Auburn Dupee	Rusty Northington
Rosey Crim	Bricktop Powers
COLOR: Red.	FLOWERS: Indian Pinks.
MOTTO: Rise and shine.	SONG: Tipperary.

—0—
 When the day is cold and dark and dreary,
 Studies hard and folks are weary,
 Then the Red Heads still a shining
 Give to every cloud a lurid lining.

Der Deutsche Verein Vorsitz

—0—

Fraulein RyserVorsitzender
 Herr SchubertZweitvorsitzender
 Fraulein LichtSchreiber und Schatzmeister
 Fraulein MillerHerausgeber

Geschäftsführer..... { Herr Kraehenbuehl
 Fraulein Ryser
 Herr Holmes
 Herr Drake

Fraulein MallicoatDie Austautsdame

BLUME:

DAS MOTTO:

Vergiss mein nicht.

Durch nacht nach Licht.

DIE NATIONAL FLAGGE—Schwarz, weiss und rot.

—0—

DIE MITGLIEDER.

Herr Armstrong	Fraulein Harrison
Fraulein Ayers	Fraulein Horne
Fraulein R. Baker	Herr Kraehenbuehl
Fraulein E. Baker	Fraulein Licht
Herr Brooks	Fraulein Mellen
Herr Brumback	Fraulein Miller
Herr Crane	Fraulein Murray
Fraulein Compton	Fraulein Ryser
Herr Cox	Herr Schubert
Fraulein Dobbs	Fraulein Sanland
Herr Drake	Herr Webster
Herr Dukes	Herr Holmes

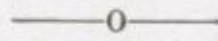
Fraulein Gibson

The club organized March fourth and have been studying the country, government, and customs of Germany.

A Kaffee klatsch was planned for one afternoon, and many other enjoyable afternoons spent.

T. B. M.

Alumni Association



Oh, here we are!
Don't you see?
We're the 'Lumni
Of Park City!

And how are we?
Can't you guess?
Sure, we're growing.
Yes! Yes! Yes!

Do we have fun?
I should smile!
We keep laughing
All the while.

Want to join us?
Yes, you do!
We're just waiting
Till you get through!

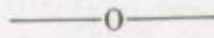
And who belongs?
Can't you see?
Here are the names
From A to Z.:

Armstrong, Grace
Armstrong, Nina
Armstrong, Eula
Amaans, Mattie
Brooks, Jessie
Banker, Mrs. Luke
Burrows, Elizabeth
Burnett, Nell
Cruze, Russell
Chamberlain, Laura
Congdon, Warren
Curtis, Carl
Crawford, Flossie
Cox, Otterbine
Cash, Gertrude
Davis, Mae
Dailey, Hale
Day, Ida
Dance, Harry
Decker, Mrs. Chas.
Eckel, Beulah
Eckel, Hugh
Eubanks, Myrtle
Ellis, Stella
Easley, Helen
Fairchild, Elizabeth
French, Mrs. Bass

Ghormley, Porter
Graham, Ben
Hockenjos, Mrs. Will
Lynn, Mrs. W. N.
Lawrence, Katherine
Lason, Edith
Miller, Kleber
Miller, Minta
McGee, John
Malcolm, Ruth
Moore, Lee
Morrell, Ethyl
McAlpine, Ada
Mankin, Mrs. Paul
Nicely, Mrs. Von
Petty, Mote
Peters, Himie
Pickle, Eursley
Powers, Margaret
Roberts, Mrs. C. R.
Roberts, Mrs. G. B.
Sensabaugh, Rhonda
Tate, Edward
Wheeler, Mrs. J. F.
Wingfield, Mrs. Robert
Wylie, Willard
Wilburn, Mrs. Ed

Firmin, Walter

Our Climb



I was a great honor bestowed upon the writer to have been asked to accompany the small party of four, which was the first to set foot on top of Denali (Mt. McKinley), the highest peak in North America.

The venerable Hudson Stuck, Archdeacon of the Yukon, a very noble gentleman, was organizer and leader of the party. Mr. Harry P. Karstens, and Walter Harper were the other two members.

In the fall of 1912, supplies were brought by launch to a point about fifty miles from the base of the mountain and cached. The plans were carefully made by Archdeacon Stuck and the supplies were ordered from the States one year in advance.

On St. Patrick's Day, 1913, our party of six, two Indian boys from the Mission at Nenana having been taken to assist us to the base camp, left Nenana traveling across country, our objective point being the cache of supplies, Diamond City.

These supplies were relayed across the beautiful rolling country, to the base of the mountain, at an elevation of 4000 feet. This camp we pitched on April 10th.

Here several duties were to be performed. The instruments were overhauled, the readings of the mercurial barometer and other instruments taken, and ice-creepers fitted to the moccasins, and snowshoes rough-locked.

Here, too, several caribou and mountain sheep were killed, and their meat finely chopped and boiled down. This, with melted butter, salt and pepper was made into balls, and frozen. This, with a package of erbswurst and some rice made a luscious stew, which we always looked forward to.

From the base camp we climbed up a narrow, steep defile, rising 2000 feet in three and one-half miles. This was through

the McPhee Pass. On reaching the top we beheld a most wonderful sight. Stretched out before us was the great highway to the heart of the mountain—the Muldrow glacier. It presented many difficulties. Every step had to be sounded, for often large crevasses lay under the crusted snow. A trail was made that the dogs and sleds could travel over; frequently snow-bridges had to be built.

Our last camp on the glacier was at 11,500 feet. The glacier was cut off by a steep ridge, about four miles in length, which rose 4000 feet, elevating us to an altitude of about 15,000 feet. A great staircase was hewn up this ridge, which had been shattered by an earthquake one year previous. The supplies were relayed to this place. Now before us for six miles was the Grand Basin, which was at right angles to the glacier below. Near the distant end of this glacier we pitched our camp, at an altitude of 18,000 feet, on June 6th. This was our last camp.

Early on the morning of June 7th we made ready our packs and eagerly pushed up the steep slopes, suffering intensely from shortness of breath and bitter cold. At one-thirty we reached the summit. Walter, a half-breed Indian boy, was the first to set foot on the highest peak in North America, and the others closely following.

First was said a prayer of thanksgiving to Almighty God. We joined hands in congratulation, and then the instruments were read by Archdeacon Stuck. It was my privilege to raise the "Stars and Stripes." Then a cross was made and thrust deeply in the snow and we gathered around it and said the "Te Deum." It was a clear day and the scenery was, indeed, most beautiful, beyond description. At three o'clock we started on our long, weary journey downward, reaching our 18,000 foot camp about six that evening. Two days later we were in our base camp. All hearts were happy that night.

Robert Tatum.

Jokes

—o—

Causes of next war: Race, Religion,—
Joe L.: “Naw—woman suffrage.”

—o—

Dewey W.: “I move we get a bat and mask; we can play without suits.”

—o—

Prof. S.: “Eugene, don’t call the triangle by such disgraceful names.”

E. A.: “I wish I could think of something worse to name it.”

—o—

E. A.: “Where is the bad world?”

Aline R.: “It will be here when I get away.”

—o—

Joe L.: “The Polish Revolution failed on account of a lack of Poles.”

—o—

Cecil P. (in history), telling a thrilling story of a man who dug several feet for a pot of gold—

Coneley (very much in earnest): “That’s a small skimp-tion. I know a man who moved his cistern for half a dollar.”

—o—

Miss Skaggs (in physiology): “What is the function of the stomach?”

Anne P.: “The function of the stomach is to move the body.”

—o—

Prof. Lowry (coming up to Spencer, who is smoking): “Don’t you know it’s wrong to smoke?”

S.: “Pshaw! that’s nothing. I’ve been ‘cussin’ for two years.”

Miss A.: "Elmer, tell about the result of the battle of Sencetra."

Elmer: "The Spartans were all killed and the rest retreated."

—o—

Miss Acuff: "Reba, what kind of people were buried in the old churchyard?"

Reba (quickly): "Dead people!"

—o—

Thelma (in English): "I know what you mean, but I can't express it."

Dewey: "Then send it by parcel post."

—o—

Mr. Sellers: "Why do you use those dotted lines, Dewey?"

Dewey: "To save chalk, of course."

—o—

Mrs. Comfort: "At night I think of all my mistakes."

R. B.: "Well, do you get any sleep at all?"

—o—

Miss S.: "Everybody except Eugene stop talking."

E. A.: "Thank the Lord, I'll get to talk one time."

—o—

C. H.: "That ammonia is in my nose."

C. W.: "I wonder how it got way up there."

—o—

Miss Skaggs (posing for picture): "How does my hair look behind?"

—o—

Marie W. (in Latin Club): "I nominate Clarence Watson for secretary."

Miss D.: "The minutes have to be written in Latin."

Marie: "I withdraw my nomination."

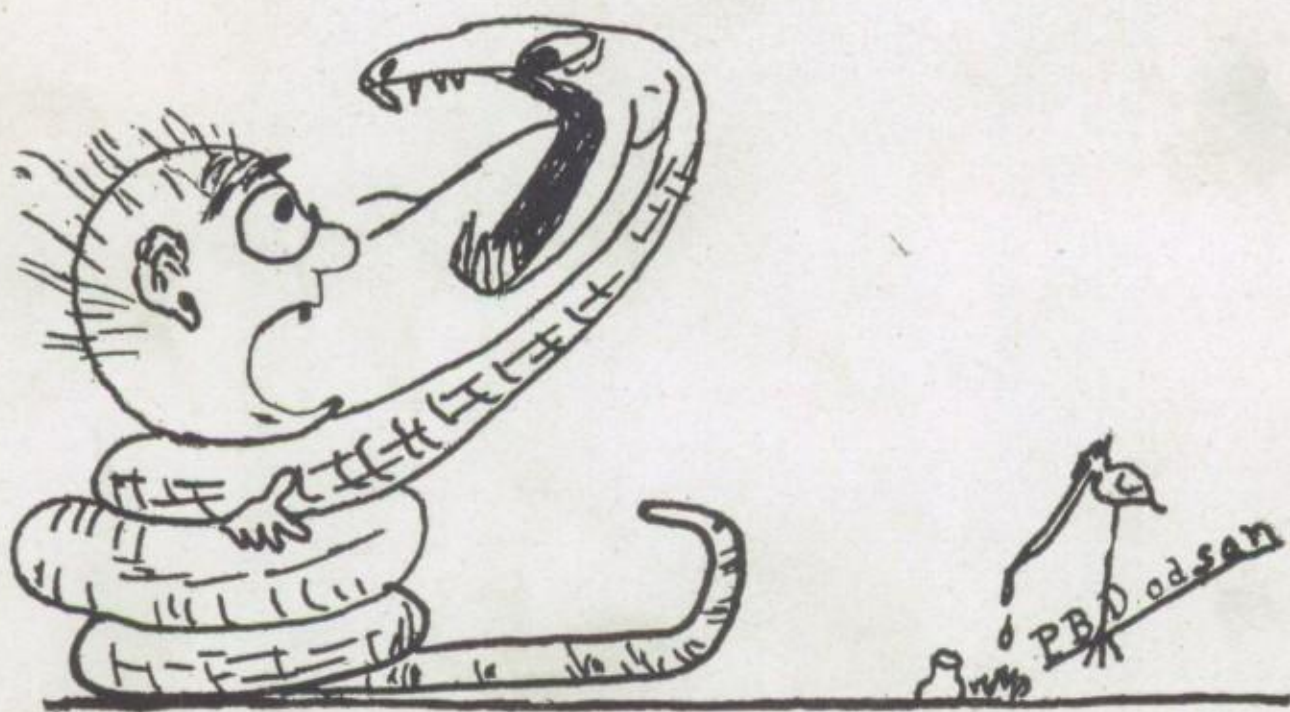
—o—

Herbert C.: "Mrs. is past tense of Miss."

Miss L.: "No, that's future tense."

—o—

Herbert C. (in Geom.): "I have given a *Parallelobiped*."



The End.

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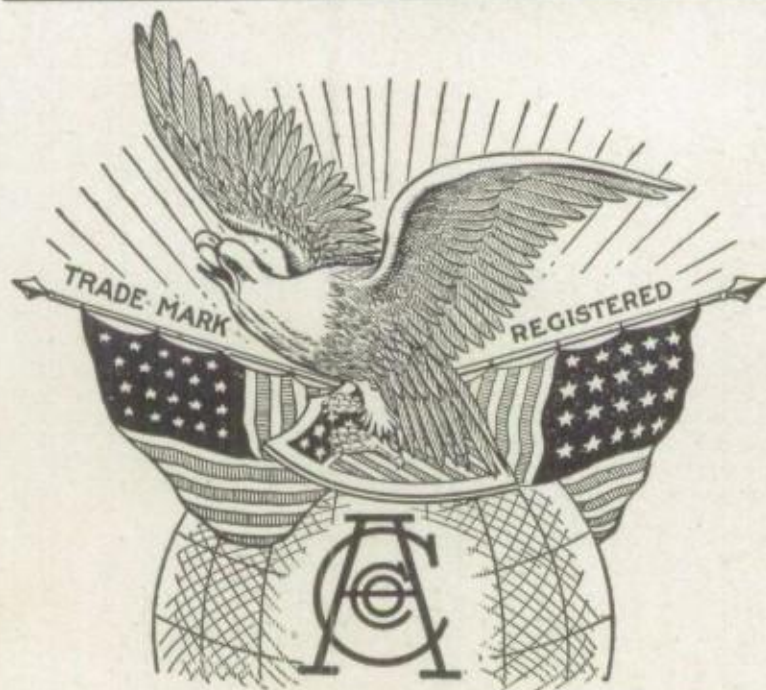
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NOTICE

Because of the very great increase in the price of flour, cereals and many other foods, the University finds it necessary to add \$1.00 per term to the price of board during the spring term. This means only for the whole twelve weeks, so that Heritage board will be \$19 for the term, payable only by the term; East Hall will be \$22, Altruria and Lembke \$25 each. Except at Heritage Hall weekly rates will be \$2.35.

For the summer term, commencing May 25th, there will be an additional advance of \$1, which will mean Heritage Hall \$20 for the term of twelve weeks; East Hall, \$23, Lembke and Altruria each \$26. Weekly rate will be \$2.50.

For the the summer term the laboratory fee for the supply of goods for Domestic Science will be \$5 instead of \$3.

January 30, 1915.

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KNOXVILLE.

THE Engravings in our 1915 issue of the Kalendar were made by the **Knoxville Engraving Company** and as business manager and editor of the Kalendar, we wish to express our appreciation of the **quality** of work as well as the promptness with which the order has been handled.

Business Manager.

Editor-in-Chief.



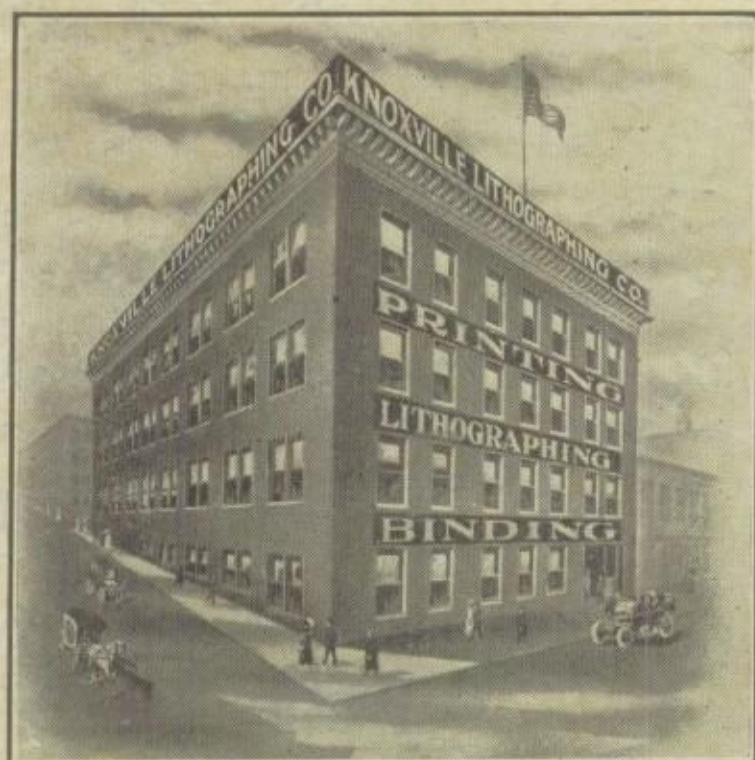
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